Dear Paul,

8/20/76

Yesterday brought two interruptions of the retyping of the summary: a service call on the new typewriter and Lil put up much of the garden surplus. It tired her. She went to be before 9.

She can make out with the present machine but it has a slight flaw that requires practically an entire rebuilding and it shlows her down at the beginning of each lines.

They are replacing the machine Tuesday. By then she'll have this done. She says she is half finished.

My drafts for Jim when he returns were interrupted last night by another call from my source. This one lasted more than an hour and a half. I learned more, including what may become a problem: he appears to insist I have more knowledge than I really do. This comes from the accuracy of my immediate analysis when we were first in contact. Each time I send him new records he finds confirmation of what I told him before there were any records to be studied.

However, I was, apparently, not right on target in my belief my source was a victim.

In a sense he was and remains one.

However, when he was a 22-year-old "they" picked him up and used him, in administering the stuff to the unwitting and as a control in controlling the disoriented.

He started to tell me how he did it, his cover, etc., and became embarrassed, saying it was just too silly to be believed and was embarrassing. In time he'll tell me. Hopefully, in time there will be an interest other than mine in knowing.

With all that is on my mind real concentration is generally impossible. There have been so many interruptions at all staged of the simple job I'm worried about how well I did. I know I'll not have time to reread it before I mail it to you. No choice.

This source has touching faith in me. However, if anything comes of the summary of The Defenestration of Henry Cott, it may be worth it. He is sending me copies of birth certificates under two names and an affidavit authorizing turning over to me records that would be immune under the privacy provisions of the act. He wants his records and isn't getting them. I explained the privacy provisions and the rest he volunteered. This provision, in fact, was the successful defense of the DJ in the case heard before our status call in the spectro remand. I know the FBI and CIA both have records on him. You'll find the FBI's reason romanticized in the summary. He did break into an FBI office, before "Henry Cott" died.

Some of these records are better than the most imaginative writer would create. They had one person with whose mind they were toying they code-named "Explosive." They did slip up with those records: afraid of his security they had to get rid of him!

Believe it or not my source is a reporter. I've not included this in the summary. He learns well, easily, as I make suggestions for analyzing the records I send him. He is aware that my phone cannot be presumed to be private. The degree of freedom with which we talk is the degree he elects. But there really is no problem here and we do talk fairly freely. I believe he is correct in evaluating himself as having served in a minor role and I'm certain that should anything befall him it would hurt more than anything he can say or do now could.

If there are little developments like this that might be helpful in attracting interest to the idea I'll let you know from time to time. What I'm driving at here is that there is an authentic technical expert on tap and he's already put me in touch with another, a shrink who was involved and turned off. He's asked me to send a set of records to this shrink and I have. The shrink is an expert on halucinogens. And disgusted with their misuse, of which he was part for the CIA. Hastily,